

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers. Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.

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VOL. 8,

September 1939

NO. 90

A "BIT" ON NICK CARTER LIBRARY

By

Harold C. Holmes

N. C. Library No. 24 was titled Nick Carter at Glendale; or, The Robbery of the Frisco Night Express. No. 25 was titled Young Hercules, Nick Carter's Assistant; or, A Man of Muscle and Nerve. The 2nd story is a sequel to the first one. Nick and Chick share the action in No. 24 but Chick goes it alone in No. 25. There are quite a few Carter stories where Patsy plays a lone hand but this is one of a very few where Chick carries the entire story. Neither of these stories are reprinted in N. C. Weekly or N. C. Stories I believe I am safe in saying but they were reprinted along with N. C. Library No. 21 as the three stories contained in New Magnet Library No. 14 and the reprint copy No. 1004. The title of N. C. Library No. 21 is Nick Carter at Western Union Junction; or, The St. Paul Train Robbery and in New Magnet No. 1004 began on page 5 and continued till near the end of Chapter 9 page 59. N. C. Lib. No. 24 began at that point and ran thru Chapter 18 page 118. N. C. Library No. 25 began there and continued to end of book on page 183.

Sometimes the authors of novels used the device of an "author's note" as a device to make the stories more real to their readers. This was done in N. C. Library No. 25 to such great advantage that a "quote" of part of the text of the story and the "author's

note" that followed I think will be of interest. Chick in his effort to break up the train robber gang in the West poses as a highway robber "Dandy Dan" and is in action as I give you this part of the story.

QUOTE

Then he leaped lightly to the ground picked up the packages of money, and springing again into the saddle, dashed back among the trees from which he had so suddenly made his appearance, and disappeared.

He rode a long way through the undergrowth, following what had once been a well-defined path, until he reached a brook.

Straight into the water he guided his horse, and, turning against the current, followed up the stream for about a quarter of a mile.

His course carried him to a point where a smooth ledge of rocks inclined to the water's edge, and there he turned abruptly to the right, and proceeded a quarter of a mile farther.

Presently, he rode straight toward a precipitous ledge, until his horse's nose almost touched it.

There he dismounted.

Before him was what appeared to be the smooth face of a cliff, but he stepped forward and seized hold of an old root that projected from a crevice in the rocks, and pulled sharply upon it.

A section of the massive cliff swung out, revealing an opening which was sufficiently large to admit his horse.

He seized the bridle, led the faithful animal through, and closed the door behind him, leaving absolutely no

trace of where he had gone.

The door which he had opened to admit him to the hiding-place that was so well concealed, was made of wood, but so cleverly designed in imitation of the rocks which surrounded it, that a man might have ridden back and forth before the cliff all day long without discovering the secret that was a part of it.

The space behind the door was not a cavern, but a narrow canon, but wider at the bottom than at the top, but not exceeding twenty feet in width, at its widest part. From that, it narrowed down, so that there were places where a man could barely squeeze through.

The canon extended back into the foot-hills several hundred yards, and ended abruptly at a circular basin, twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by rocks which had been worn as smooth as polished marble by the action of the water which, ages before, had washed into this circular hole from above, and had found, or rather worn its way through the channel, which had afforded the highwayman a means of entrance.

Looking up, the place reminded one of the inside of a shot-tower, for the distance to the top was fully sixty feet.

The water had doubtless been for centuries engaged in grinding out the softer rock and forming the remarkable basin described. Then had come a convulsion of nature, which had turned the torrent aside or caused it to cease altogether, and the strange canon was the result.

"Author's note".

The writer has visited the place described. During the time when the authorities of the State of Missouri were engaged in breaking up the famous organization of bandits known as the Younger Gang, the canon was used as a hiding-place for one of its members who remained the only one not captured. For five years he alone defied the law and the officers who were sent out to capture him, although five thousand dollars reward was offered for his capture, dead or alive. He knew of this canon, and having cleverly concealed the entrance to it, as described, always retired there when too hotly pursued. At length he became tired of the life, in which he was forced to look upon everybody as

his enemy, not daring to trust any man. But he had a relative in whom he placed more confidence than in others, and he finally persuaded his Uncle John to go to Jefferson City, Mo., and say that on condition that he was pardoned he would settle down on a farm, and become an exemplary citizen. The proposition was accepted and Charlie Wells gave up his wild ways forever. He now lives (or did in 1887) on a farm about thirty miles due south of Kansas City, and about one hundred and twenty-five miles from the canon mentioned. When Chick found that his duties carried him to that part of the country, he applied to Wells for points and among them was told of the canon. Let the story tell the rest. THE AUTHOR.

UNQUOTE.

Another interesting "bit" in this issue of N. C. Library No. 25 is that in it Chick meets his first cousin Cora Chickering, who had lived in Hellion City, Nevada when Chick did. Whether she appeared in N. C. Library No. 4 and its reprint in N. C. Weekly 117 will be interesting to find out, for it was in this story laid in Hellion City that Nick first finds Chick. I must read it over and find out for myself.

THE END

LATER. Held up sending this in to Ralph till I could read over N. C. Weekly 117. Cora Chickering does not appear so the character undoubtedly was invented for N. C. Library No. 25.

The following letter appears in the Applause Column of Nick Carter Weekly No. 303 dated Oct. 19, 1902.

Quote

Racine, Wisc.
Aug. 11, 1902

Dear Sirs:—

I read your 10c book "Caught In the Tolls" No. 14 Magnet Library. Want to say the facts in the story are true. Western Union Junc. is about 8 miles from where I live, last year it changed its name to Corliss. Sheriff Rowan is still living in Racine, and the place where the robbers bought the revolver is on Main St. in Racine. Yours Respectfully.

Holger Oliver Jacobsen.
The End

MASTER T. W. HANSHEW

The Boy Actor, Author and Dramatist

The subject of our sketch, Master T. W. Hanshaw, was born of highly respectable parents in Brooklyn, N. Y. January 3rd, 1857. At an early age he began his theatrical career under the late Mrs. F. B. Conway, as "Tom, the Call Boy." Enriching the possession of strong dramatic talent, interest was attracted toward him. His debut was a successful one. For some time he remained in the stock companies of the "Park" and "Brooklyn Theatre," appearing for the first time there in the spectacle of the "Naiad Queen." Progressing rapidly, he made his first appearance as a "star" at sixteen years, and at once created a favorable impression. Since then he has continued in this line, his repertoire consisting of the following plays by himself; "The Tiger Hunter," "Wrecked Life," "Will O' the Wisp," "Faithful Unto Death," "Out of the Grave," "Frozen Heart," "The Boy Thief," and "Tracked Down." Master Hanshaw has also written the following serials "Sundered Hearts," "Tom, the Call Boy," "True as Steel," "Edith," etc., besides some forty short tales, and innumerable poems of various lengths. He is now associated in partnership with Mr. Roland Howard, the author of "Shoo Fly," and is performing at all the principal theatre's throughout the Union, and making many friends where-ever he goes. He is full of life and vivacity; tall and fairly built; dark brown hair and blue eyes, and is still as boyish and full of Mischief as when on as "Tom, the Call Boy."

END

The article appeared in The Boys of the World, Vol. 2 No. 26. April 12, 1877, on page 8. His picture was also there. Sent in by Ray Caldwell.

LADY GIBBS, NOVELIST, DIES

London, Eng. Oct. 9th, 1939 (AP)—Lady Gibbs, wife of Sir Phillip Gibbs, British novelist and war correspondent, died Saturday October 7th, at the family country home in Surrey.

J. FENIMORE COOPER

Pupil in Military Academy, Peekskill, N. Y.

J. Fenimore Cooper is a son of Prof. John Cooper, Superintendent of the public schools, Richmond, Indiana, and will be seventeen years of age next August.

He was born in the little village of Dublin, near Richmond, and received his preliminary schooling in the public schools of the latter place. He is a relative of the great novelist after whom he was named, and seems to have had some of the genius of his distinguished name-sake transmitted to him.

It is related as a fact that at one year of age young Cooper knew the alphabet perfectly and had a complete command of language, and when two years old he had learned to read and write as well as many children of ten.

While in the Richmond High School young Cooper was generally at the head of his classes. He was a laborious student, and seemed to be at ease only when in school, or at home working at his lessons.

He was represented to the writer as a boy of unusual talent, and of many excellent qualities. Besides being a scholar of general excellence, he had cultivated music and painting to an extraordinary degree.

When twelve years old he painted in oil a very handsome landscape—a work of art that has received considerable praise and commendation from many cultivated people who have seen it.

Young Cooper is now a pupil at a military academy at Peekskill, N. Y., preparing himself to enter West Point. He is a fine-looking manly fellow, and would no doubt make a good army officer.

END

(This article appeared in The Boys of the World, Vol. I, No. 45, Aug. 24th, 1876). His picture is also in this issue.

Sent in by Ray Caldwell.

Raymond Mengar's new address is 1022 S. 44th St., San Diego, Calif. — Ray wants to know who were the authors of the Fame & Fortune weekly.

J. R. MUSICK

John R. Musick was born in St. Louis County, Missouri. His father Ephraim J. Musick, was a boatman in his early life, but when John who was his second child was about two years old, he removed to Adair County, Mo., which was then almost a wilderness. He improved a farm here, and lived the life of a pioneer. J. R. Musick very early displayed a taste for books. He scarcely ever engaged in the sports of youths of his age, for which he has frequently been termed selfish.

When other boys of his age were engaged in play, he would take such books as he could find, and in some secluded closet, or quiet grove, pore over them.

His father, during John's early life, was very poor, and could send him to school but very little. The determined boy used after a hard days work on the farm, to gather sumach bushes, and make a light in the old fashioned fireplace and study grammar, Latin and geography long after the other members of the household were asleep.

John early displayed a taste for writing, and before he was sixteen, wrote a number of articles, stories, and sketches, for the various local papers, a regular correspondent for the American Publisher, edited by Adrian Clemens in Hartford, Conn. Since that time he has written a number of sketches, stories and minor poems for Eastern periodicals.

Since then he has graduated with honor in the State Normal School at Kirksville, Mo., receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science. He was the editor of a spicy little sheet in 1875, entitled "The Tattler," which had an unparalleled success under his management. But his father dying, after falling heir to the large estate his brother in St. Louis, and John, being the oldest son, was compelled to sell his paper and settle up the business.

There being a great deal of legal business connected with it, he was drawn into the study of law, which he commenced the 14th day of November, 1875, under the direction of H. F. Millan, attorney at law, Kirksville, Mo. J. R. Musick is now about twenty-four years of age, medium sized, good-natured and strictly tem-

perate.

He is generally reserved, but some times his flashes of wit will astonish those who have seen him only in his sedate moods. He does not like company and has been heard to say it is a great task for him to go into society at all. Although very quiet and reserved at evening parties, he is a very pleasant and agreeable companion in private conversation, having a very extensive knowledge of English literature.

He is a self-made man. The only help he received from his father toward his education was forty-two dollars.

He split rails and cut cord wood to pay his first tuition in college. Having displayed such energy and determination in his early life, his friends have high hopes for him in the future. (Taken from The Boys of the World, Vol. I, No. 52. October 12, 1876.) There is a picture of him in his boy-hood at this time, in this paper.

Sent in by Ray Caldwell.

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WM. M. KRELING

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VALEDICTORY

We are sorry to announce to our readers that the present number of The Boys of the World for April 19th, 1877, is the last number that will ever be issued. We regret this on more accounts than one. We had two objects in view in entering upon this enterprise. The first was of course, to make money. That is the prime object of all who enter into business of whatever kind. Our next object was to give to the people a boy's paper which should be in every respect unobjectionable—a boy's paper which might be introduced into every household with benefit as well as pleasure to boys and girls. We made such a paper, and candor compels us to say that although it started off well, even brilliantly, it did not prove to be peculiarly a success. We saw our mistake before we had issued half-a-dozen numbers, and could, if we had been so inclined, remedied it and gained for the Boys of the World a paying circulation so far as money is concerned, but we should have done so at the sacrifice of every principle which the publishers of a child's journal should hold dear. If we had adopted the 'Jack Shepard' style of literature we should have had no trouble about circulation, but it would have been a circulation gained by the demoralization of childhood. If we had felt inclined to furnish such mental pabulum for little ones as "Skinny the Snoozer," "Hunk-y, the Heeler," "Squint-Eyed Jake, the Grabber," "Dirty-Faced Bob, the Buffer," "Hard-Fisted Hank, the Highwayman," "Carrotty-Headed Sal, the Peanut Vender," and the like, we might perhaps have rolled up a hundred thousand young readers, whom we should have familiarized with the slang of the slums and the scenes and sights peculiar to brothels and rum holes. But we fear the money thus gained would have been but little use to us. We aimed to establish a respectable paper for boys. That we failed is no reproach to the better classes, but a partial lack of judgment on their part, since they have come to regard all papers designed for boys to be of the same character. In conclusion, we do not regret that we made the venture. If we had not tried we should not have earned the experience which we now possess, and let us now in-

dulge the hope that the boy readers of the Boys of the World will become the boy readers of the New York Weekly, in which journal they will find boys stories which will bless instead of blast them.

Taken from the Boys of the World, Vol. 2, No. 2, April 19, 1877. By Ray L. Caldwell.

LADY NEWNES OF LONDON, ENG.
DIESLondon Hostess Was Foe of Gate
Crashers

London, Oct. 9th (AP) 1939.—Lady Newnes, famous London hostess who thwarted gate crashers at her parties by warning guests to bring invitation cards, died last night following a three-months illness. She was the wife of Sir Frank Newnes, publisher of many boys novels, such as the 3d Dick Turpin Library, Buffalo Bill Novels, and many others.

NEW MEMBERS OF H.H.B. for 1939

Victor L. Neighbors, 304 N. State St.,
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ELI A. MESSIER

117 Morton Ave., Woonsocket, R. I.

OUR FELLOW MEMBERS THAT ARE SICK

I find many of the H. H. B. fellows that are sick, but as I have no way of writing to them, I will write thru the pages of the Dime Novel Round-up.

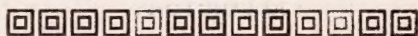
I have been very busy in taking care of our sick brother, Wm. J. Benners, who is very ill at this time. I have been with him nearly 3 years now, except when I was able to go home for a short stay. I came down as you all know just before Christmas and have been down here, all except three weeks when I was up home in April. Have been here ever since. I am sorry that I'm so far behind in getting out the Roundup, but I'm doing the very best I can, fellows, and will try and keep it a going, so don't give up hopes yet, and don't despair.

Brothers George Cordier, A. J. Marks, J. D. Hardin, Charles Jonas, and many other fellows are sick.

These fellows are wondering no doubt why I don't write, but as my time is limited, I don't get much time to write. The Roundup will carry on. Sorry I wasn't able to bring out a Birthday and Dedication number as I had planned. I was very much disappointed, too.

Will write more in this column later, your very sincere friend and publisher—Reckless Ralph Cummings.

Charlie Austin's new address is 153 Main St., East Rockaway, N. Y.



CLOTH BOUNDS WANTED!!

Dean Dunham by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(This is wanted in the special green covered edition by David McKay of Philadelphia, with picture of canal boat boy with whip in hand in upper left hand corner)

Rob Ranger's Mine or the Boy Who Got There

Rob Ranger the Young Ranchman or Going it Alone at Lost River

Rob Ranger's Cowboy Days or the Young Ranchman of the Big Horn

These three are by Lieut. Lionel Lounsberry and published years ago by David McKay.

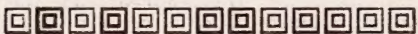
Please state condition
and prices wanted.

I have no more of Wolff's or Westbrook's reprints. These were all sold to Brother L. C. Skinner of Pawtucket, R. I., after I had sent out many post card announcements.

DON LEARNARD

56 Green St.

Melrose, Mass.



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Smith (L.) Poem. Evolution; Revised by Guenevieve de Went.
Pamphlet.

Johnson (A. P.) Iconoclasm: The Astrology of the Bible.

Johnson, (A. P.) Tau: the Key of Heaven.

Balzac Library. Daily. N. Y. 1900.
February, Nos. 4 5 6 7 8 9
March, Nos. 7 9 15 22 24
April, Nos. 28 29 30 32 35 38 46
May. Nos. 51 53 55 56 66 67 68

Bacon Library. Tri-Weekly. N. Y., 1900.
No. 1 Under the Ban. By Mivart & Vaughan.
No. 2 Voice of the Hooligan. By Buchanan & Besart.

McFall. House of the Sorcerer.

M'lle New York. Odd numbers.


Gentleman Jack, or Life on the Road.

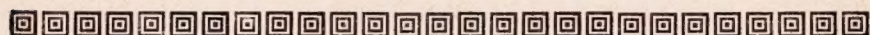
Smith (J.) Maggie a Girl of the Streets. Pamphlet.

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